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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NOV. 10TH, 1941

WAR FLAMES IN KIEV. Soon after they entered Kiev on September 19 the Germans claimed that the capital of the Ukraine was less damaged than other towns they had occupied, although the Russians before withdrawing had destroyed the power-stations, waterworks and various war industries. But a week or so later thousands of time-bombs and radio-controlled mines began to go off, and the centre of the city was laid in ruins. Prominent in this German photograph is a Russian traffic-control signal. *Photo, Associated Press*

NO. 112 WILL BE PUBLISHED THURSDAY, NOV. 20

WHAT ARE WE TO MAKE OF GORT'S DISPATCHES?

DATED April 25 and July 25, 1940, Lord Gort's eagerly-awaited Dispatches, covering the history of the British Expeditionary Force from its landing at Cherbourg in September 1939 to its re-embarkation from Dunkirk at the end of May 1940, have just been published.* No reasons are given for the delay in publication, nor is it clear why the present moment has been chosen—unless it be, as some have suggested, that the contents of the Dispatches are calculated to answer those critics of our military effort who have been urging that a second front should be opened in the west so as to relieve the pressure on our Russian allies in the east. Certainly, in his Dispatches the B.E.F.'s Commander-in-Chief has expressed himself with a candour that is as remarkable as it is refreshing.

FROM the first Dispatch we learn that the existing war establishment of an infantry battalion was not designed for continental warfare, and had called for modification. The criticisms are much more detailed and comprehensive in the second Dispatch. In the opening paragraphs there is a reference to serious deficiencies in stocks which could not be made good since it had been decided that the programme of shipments to France had to be severely curtailed in February and March. On the next page Lord Gort tells us of the situation as regards equipment.

"I had on several occasions called the attention of the War Office to the shortage of almost every nature of ammunition of which the stocks in France were not nearly large enough to permit of the rates of expenditure laid down for sustained operations before the War. There was a shortage of guns in some of the anti-tank regiments of the Royal Artillery, while armour-piercing shells for field guns had not by May 10 been provided. There were also deficiencies in technical apparatus for light anti-aircraft requirements, such as Kerrison predictors, signal lights, technical and specialized vehicles of many types, and a number of smaller items . . ."

From later pages we learn that work on the lines of communication was hampered by the shortage of labour. As the battle developed there was a terrible deficiency of fighter aircraft. On May 23 the B.E.F. was placed on half rations, and the ammunition immediately available was only about 300 rounds per gun, the prospect of receiving any further supply being remote, since communications with the coast had been cut.

ANOTHER grave deficiency—perhaps the gravest of all—was that while the Germans were employing at least five armoured divisions against the British, our armoured forces in the theatre of war amounted to only "seven divisional cavalry regiments equipped with light tanks, one regiment of armoured cars of an obsolete pattern, and two battalions of infantry tanks, the latter, except for 23 Mark II tanks, being armed each with one machine-gun only." We had, it is true, an armoured division, but unfortunately it was not sent to France in time to come under Gort's command.

Against this background of shocking unpreparedness is set a story of brave and dogged achievement which will be read with avid interest by all who went through Dunkirk and lived to tell the tale. Some incidents stand out from the terse, matter-of-fact narrative. We can share Gort's surprise when General Ironside, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, descended on him at G.H.Q. in the middle of the battle, with instructions from the Cabinet that the B.E.F. was to move southwards upon Amiens, attacking all enemy forces encountered: fortunately, Ironside was swift to appreciate that the battle as seen from Wahagnies looked very different from what it did when glimpsed from Whitehall. We can ride beside the C.-in-C. in his car as it threads its slow and painful way through the crowds of refugees who blocked every road and path ("Scenes of misery were everywhere, and the distress of women, children and aged people was pitiable"). We see him opening his copy of Mr. Churchill's telegram to M. Reynaud, the French Prime Minister, demanding that "French Commanders in north and south, and Belgian G.Q.G. be given most stringent orders" to carry out the Weygand plan and "turn defeat into victory"; and a day later receiving the surprising intelligence that the French had recaptured Péronne, Albert and Amiens . . .

WE can share his feelings when, following the collapse of the Belgian Army on his left, he was suddenly faced with an open gap of 20 miles between Ypres and the sea, through which enemy armoured forces might rush to reach the beaches from which the British Army was being evacuated; and we can hear him urging General Blanchard that for the sake of France, the French Army and the Allied cause, General Prioux should be ordered back from Lille. "Surely, I said, his troops were not all so tired as to be incapable of moving . . ." Blanchard was obdurate, but their parting, we are told, was not unfriendly; nor, let it be noted, is there the slightest indication in the Dispatches of any recrimination against King Leopold. The evacuation from Dunkirk was in progress before the Belgium capitulation.

Then there is the last scene when "Major-General Alexander, with the Senior Naval Officer (Captain W. G. Tennant, R.N.), made a tour of the beaches and harbour in a motor-boat, and on being satisfied that no British troops were left on shore, they themselves left for England." That was at midnight on June 2; in the past five days a fleet of ships, great and small, had successfully taken back across the Channel 211,532 fit men and 13,053 casualties of the B.E.F., in addition to 112,546 Allied troops.

SO the B.E.F. got back to England. For eight months they had toiled like navvies in the mud, holding a tiny front beyond Lille. Then at 1 p.m. on May 10 had begun the rush into Belgium. The next day they marched into Louvain. They exchanged a few shots with the enemy, but since the German breakthrough at Sedan had left their flank in the air, they marched back again. After but 22 days of actual fighting the campaign was at an end.

Once again the Germans had proved their superiority. Lord Gort speaks admiringly of their willingness to accept risks, their exploitation of every success to the uttermost; he emphasizes "the advantage which accrues to the commander who knows how best to use time to make time his servant and not his master." From out of hard and bitter experiences he deduces the moral that an expeditionary force, if it is to be used in a first-class war, must be equipped on a scale commensurate with the task it is to be called upon to fulfil. Strange, surely, that so obvious a lesson should have to be learnt from letters writ in blood.

The gloomy oppressiveness of the story is lightened time and again by an instance of British pluck and tenacity. Well may Lord Gort say in one of his final paragraphs that the campaign "proved beyond doubt that the British Soldier has once again deserved well of his country. The troops under my command, whatever their category, displayed those virtues of steadiness, patience, courage and endurance for which their corps and regiments have long been famous."

THERE is an old saying that the British are the least military of peoples but the most warlike; that may well be true when, after our armies have been driven out of Norway, France and Belgium, Libya, Greece and Crete, they still stand proudly to arms ready and eager for battle. There is another old saying that Britain loses every battle save the last. Often History has proved this true; we hope and expect that it will be proved true again. But, all the same, wouldn't it be a pleasant change if we were so well prepared, equipped, led and inspired that we were able to win not only the last battle but the battle before the last?

E. ROYSTON PIKE

GEN. LORD GORT, V.C., G.C.B., with his immediate superior during the campaign in Flanders, the French General Georges; the photograph was taken at Arras on the occasion of Lord Gort's investiture with the Grande Croix of the Legion of Honour.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

* Supplement to the London Gazette, October 17, 1941: H.M. Stationery Office, 1s.

These Men Brought the B.E.F. Out of the Inferno

Maj.-Gen. V. M. FORTUNE, who was in command of the 51st Division when they withdrew from the Saar to the Somme. He was taken prisoner of war with the remnant of his division at St. Valery.

Maj.-Gen. (now Lt.-Gen.) Hon. H. R. L. G. ALEXANDER (centre). When Lord Gort received instructions to embark for England from Dunkirk he selected Major-Gen. Alexander to remain in France in command of the 1st Corps and assist the French in the defence of the port. He was the last soldier to leave Dunkirk.

Maj.-Gen. H. E. FRANKLYN, who commanded the 5th Division, which joined the 50th in the Vimy area and was later known as the Frankforce. He was ordered to occupy bridgeheads on the Scarpe.

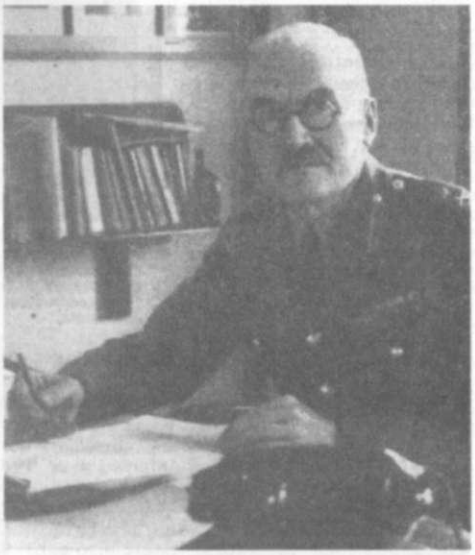
Maj.-Gen. R. L. PETRE, who commanded the 12th Division, and later a force known as Petreforce, including the 23rd Division, 36th Infantry Brigade, and the garrison of Arras.

Maj.-Gen. F. N. M. MacFARLANE (Director of Military Intelligence). He commanded a force which was called MacForce, formed on May 17, which went into the line from Raches to St. Amand.

Lt.-Gen. M. G. H. BARKER, who took over command of the 1st Corps from Gen. Sir John Dill, when the latter became C.I.G.S. Lt.-General Barker's force defended the Dyle position in front of Louvain.

Maj.-Gen. H. O. CURTIS commanded the 46th Division, defending the canals between Aire and Carvin. Gen. Curtis' force was known as Polforce, intended to hold St. Pol, Frevent, and Divion.

Maj.-Gen. A. F. A. N. THORNE, commanding the 48th Division. He held the area Gravelines–St. Omer in the retreat to Dunkirk.



Lt.-Gen. Sir R. F. ADAM, who commanded the 3rd Corps, and subsequently organized the final Allied defence of the perimeter and the bridgehead at Dunkirk.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

For 69 Days Odessa Stood at Bay

When the Rumanians and Nazis marched into Odessa on Oct. 16, the great Black Sea port had been already evacuated by its heroic garrison. Below we tell the story of the ten-weeks' siege ; much of the information has been gathered from articles contributed by Major-General Petrov to the Red Army newspaper "Red Star," and republished in the "Soviet War News."

It was in the first week of August that General Antonescu's Rumanians, with a stiffening of Nazis, invested Odessa and set about its capture. Eighteen divisions under General Ciuperdea were flung against the city—almost half the entire Rumanian Army.

At first the enemy made considerable progress, but as they approached the outer defences of the city they were bloodily repulsed. Soviet troops left behind by Marshal Budenny employed every moment when they were not actually manning the guns in improving and extending the city's defences, and in this work they were eagerly supported by the entire population, which worked tirelessly day and night.

By September 1 hostilities were general along the whole perimeter. The hilly steppes, intercepted here and there by wooded groves and crossed by many a road, were a battlefield on which men fought furiously with rifle and bayonet. Villages in the outer zone were taken, lost and retaken. In the first 15 days of fighting some of the attacking divisions lost three-quarters of their effectives and half their equipment ; between September 1 and 15 the Russians estimated that the enemy troops lost over 50,000 killed, wounded and prisoners. Having received very substantial reinforcements of German artillery, bombing planes and mine-throwers, the Rumanians delivered a fresh onslaught on September 17 on a narrow sector of the front. Six infantry regiments were opposed by three Soviet infantry battalions; over 15,000 mines and shells were fired against the Red troops. But the defenders stood fast, and the enemy waves were utterly broken. The story was repeated day after day as the Rumanians were driven afresh to the slaughter. The defenders were undaunted, and such was their spirit that many of the wounded refused to be evacuated to hospital, but after being bandaged insisted on returning immediately to the front line.

In the meantime, in Odessa itself there was never a suggestion of despondency. A Russian newspaper correspondent drew a vivid picture of the city swinging into lively activity at daybreak. "The early morning finds the streets crowded with people," he wrote. "Men and women hastening to the factories. A group of volunteer Red Cross nurses hurriedly make their way to take up duty at the hospital. Women and youngsters, armed with buckets and spades, move up the street in the direction of an almost completed barricade. Almost every street has a barricade, made of heaps of cobbles, torn from the pavements. Endless columns of lorries, skilfully camouflaged with greenery, roll along the open roads, carrying munitions to the front. Red Army units and detachments of armed workers who have exchanged their tools for rifles are also constantly moving up. Odessa's undertakings, factories and offices have sent to the front line tens of thousands of patriots who display prodigies of valour." The factories, "manned" chiefly by women, were working at full blast, many of them far exceeding their normal output quotas. In the suburbs the collective farms finished their harvesting, and all able-bodied folk helped to gather the vegetable crop. Even the entertainments were maintained.

Supporting the Red Army were a large number of sailors from the Black Sea Fleet, and on one occasion a number of these Red Navy men were dropped by parachute behind the Rumanian lines, where they played havoc with their automatics, hand grenades and bayonets before fighting their way back to their comrades. Collective farmers from the surrounding districts and Cossacks from the steppes joined, too, in the city's defence.

Evacuation in Progress

When Odessa had stood out for nearly two months the Red Army High Command decided on evacuation since its defenders could be better used elsewhere. The date first chosen was October 6, but since industrial equipment, war materials, and the civilian population had to be got away, the operation was postponed until October 15.

For eight days, troops, tanks, guns and other vital war materials were quietly withdrawn to the rear—to the harbour where a great fleet of transports, strongly guarded by Russian Air Force fighters, transported them across the Black Sea to Sebastopol. During those eight days the city's outer defence line was held by a mere handful of troops, but the Rumanians, who (so the Russians estimated) had by now lost 250,000 men killed, wounded and taken prisoner, were in no mood for fresh slaughter.

Embarkation of the guns, tanks, lorries, and military stores was completed by 7 p.m. on October 15, then most of the soldiers followed. At 4 a.m. the next day the rearguard were taken on board. Then after Capt. Makarenko, Commander of the port, had assured himself that none were left behind, the last ships sailed. Even several thousand German and Rumanian prisoners were taken away. Only the noise of explosions in the city, only the sight of huge fires burning in the heart of the city—fires which, it was first put out, were caused by the German-Rumanian air arm—at length led the attackers to realize what was afoot. Then, gingerly enough, their patrols again approached the outer defences, and found the defenders flown. General Ciuperdea was promptly sacked by Antonescu for letting the enemy slip, and it was under General Jacobici that the Rumanians entered the burning and evacuated city.

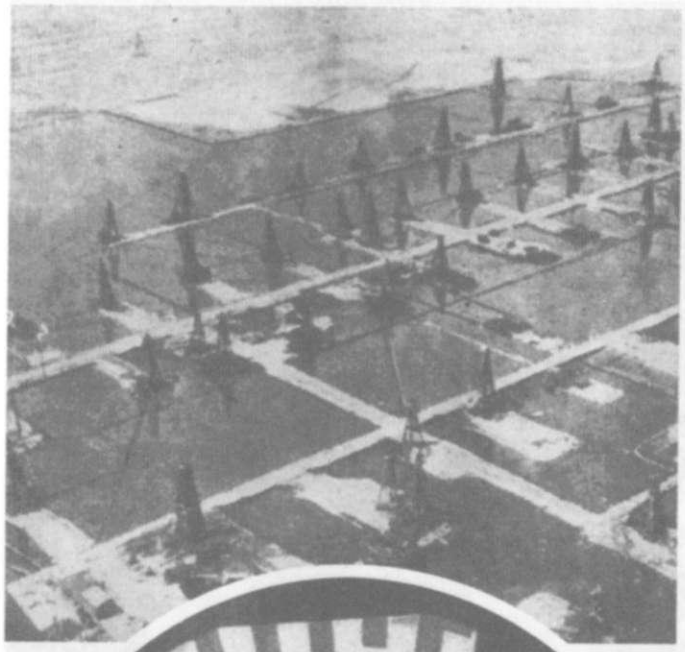
"Troops of our 4th Army marched into Odessa this afternoon," triumphantly announced the Rumanians on October 16. "The last nests of resistance are being cleared up in street fighting. The population received the German-Rumanian forces with enthusiasm." The Nazis claimed that in the waters around Odessa the Luftwaffe had successfully attacked troop ships carrying the enemy "fleeing from the town."

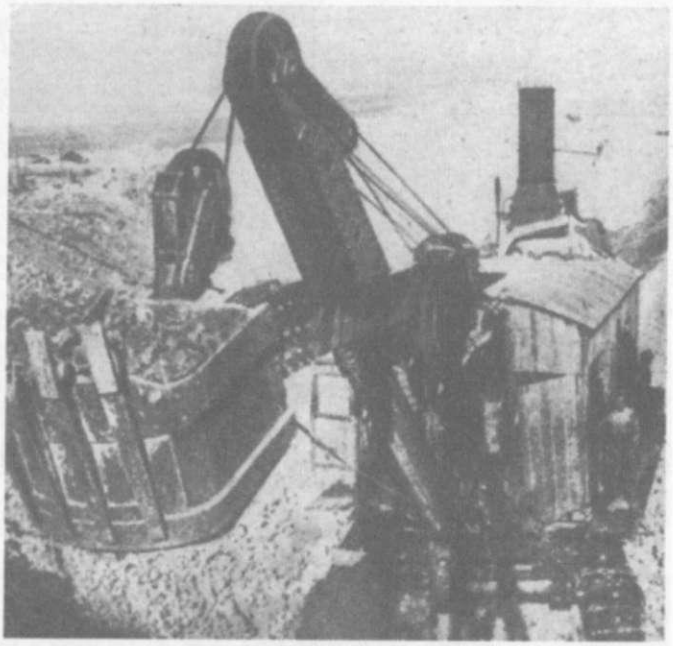
For 69 days Odessa had bid defiance to the Nazi-Rumanian hosts. She might have maintained her stand almost indefinitely had not the Soviet Supreme High Command decided otherwise for strategic reasons. And as it was, when the German-Rumanians marched into Odessa they discovered that all the war installations had been destroyed, and that many parts of the city were nothing more than a shell. As for the garrison which had for so long defended the city, they were now strengthening the defences of the Crimea.

RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS assembled in the Hall of Columns, Moscow House of Trade Unions, to listen to addresses by the leading scientists of the U.S.S.R. At this meeting an appeal was broadcast to the scientists of the world "to unite their forces against Hitlerism, the greatest enemy of culture and science." Under the Nazi tyranny, all independent thought and search for truth is abolished. Many famous German scientists are either in concentration camps or exiled abroad. The Nazis in Paris recently arrested a number of eminent French scientists.

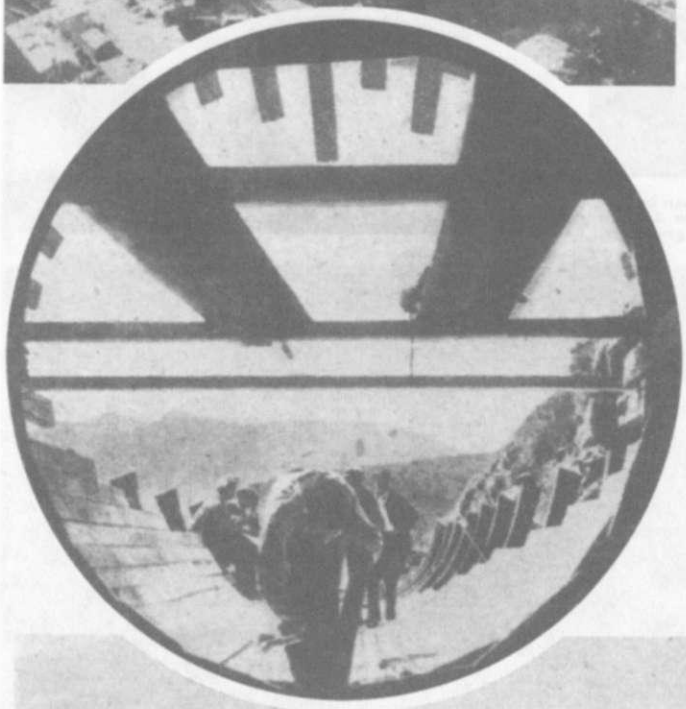
Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

In Kazakhstan, One of Russia's 'Hidden' Bases





In Western Kazakhstan lies a rich oil-bearing region; Emba Neft, top left, is the best-known centre. Kazakhstan is also rich in mineral ores, which are extracted by giant excavators (above).



KAZAKH S.S.R., shown unshaded, is 1,047,797 sq. miles in area, with a population of 7 millions.

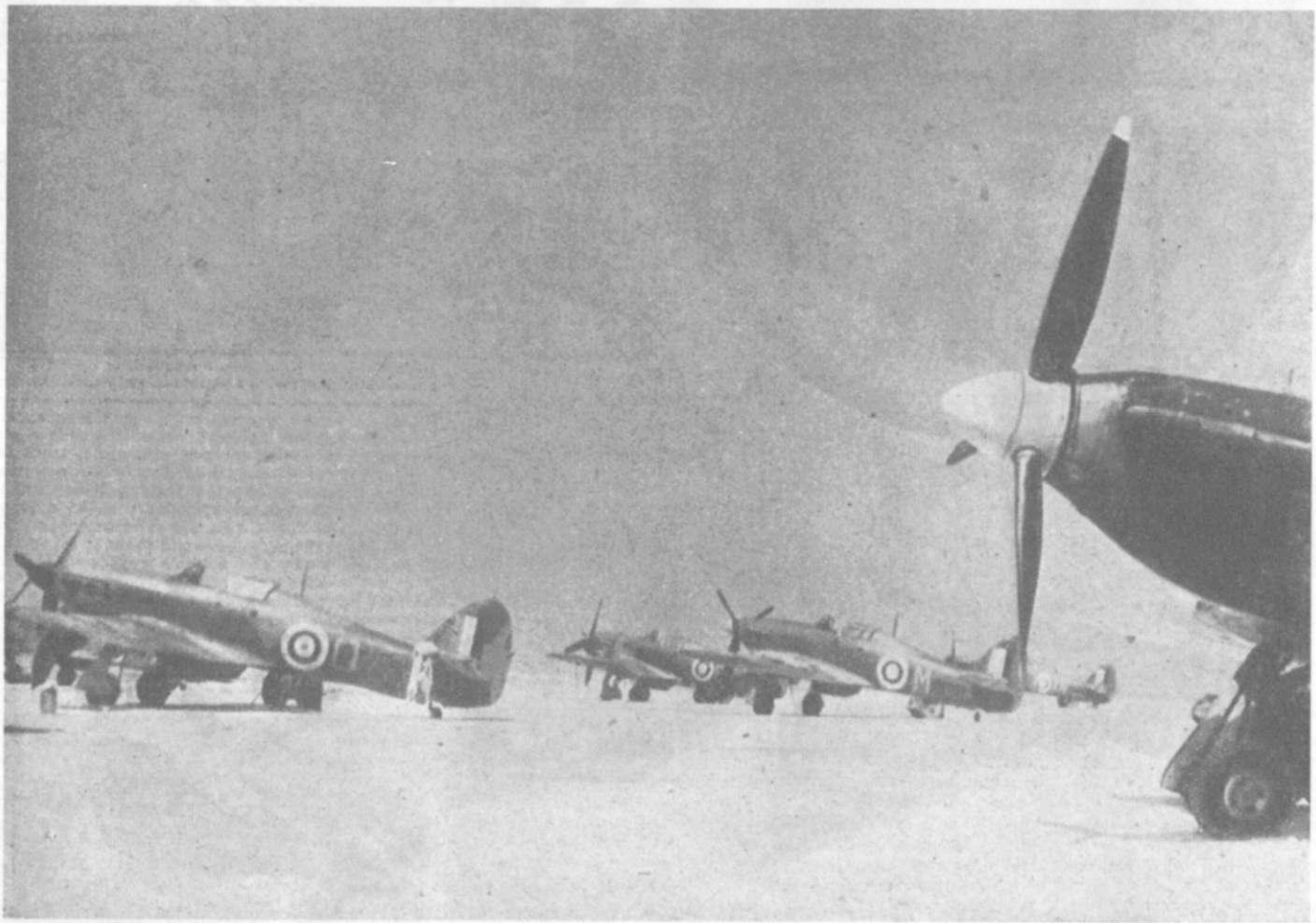
STILL in many geography books Kazakhstan —the Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic— is described as a dismal tract of steppeland, sterile, stony and streamless, inhabited only by nomad tribes of Kirghiz. Since the Russian Revolution, however, this region, in common with so many other regions of Soviet Asia, has been transformed. As a glance at the map above will show, it contains oilfields, coalmines, and mineral workings; there are also extensive cotton fields and huge tracts devoted to the production of grain. Linking this once remote and still largely unknown province of the Soviet with Moscow is a railway through Kuibyshev, the second seat of government of the U.S.S.R., while the Turk-Sib Railway crosses its eastern region.

Threshing grain at a collective farm in Kazakhstan (above). Circle, the great wooden pipeline down which are borne the melted snow and rain from the Ural Mountains to the hydro-electric plant at Ulba; right, this alert Soviet soldier symbolizes the large, fully-trained army which garrisons Kazakhstan.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; G.P.U.

Malta—Grit in the Hub of the Axis

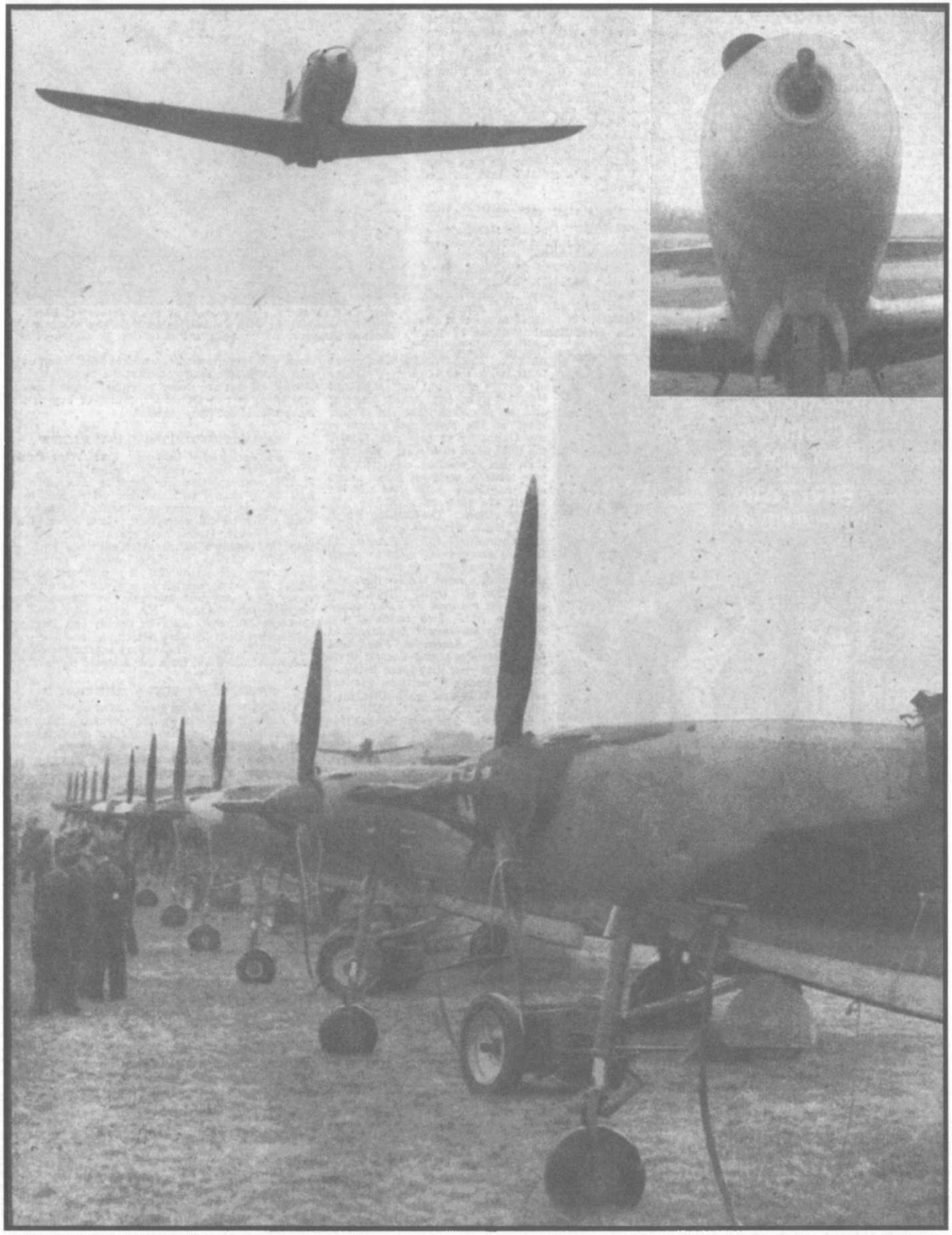
'IRON GREETINGS FOR MALTA,' is the inscription on a reserve of German bombs in Italy. Right, an R.A.F. pilot-defender of Malta. The Anglo-Maltese League recently entertained the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm and expressed Malta's gratitude.



HURRICANES ready to take off from a Maltese aerodrome. The battle of Malta goes on continuously. Mussolini imagined that the great British Mediterranean fortress would soon fall, but, though the Axis has attacked it many hundreds of times, Malta remains impregnable, and our A.A. guns and aircraft have taken a heavy toll of enemy machines. The Maltese themselves have excellent shelters cut in the limestone rock.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

Unorthodox but Formidable: the Bell Airacobra



AIRACOBRAS IN LINE, with one machine flying over the squadron. The Airacobra, for a time christened the Caribou in this country, is a most unorthodox single-seat fighter with an Allison 1,150-h.p. engine mounted in the fuselage behind the pilot. Inset, the nose of the Airacobra showing the cannon protruding through the airscrew hub. This gun can fire at the rate of 120 shells a minute. A detailed diagram of the Airacobra is given in page 164.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Our Searchlight on the War

BRITAIN'S CATAPULT PLANES

NEW methods of protection for shipping have been put into operation in order to deal with the enemy long-range aircraft which attack ships and report the movements of shipping to U-boats. Certain ships have been fitted with catapults and provided with fighter aircraft which can be catapulted into the air to deal with enemy aircraft shadowing or attempting to attack. After shooting down or driving off enemy aircraft the fighter lands at a shore base if there is one within range. If not, the pilot has to "land" in the sea or as close to the ship as possible in order to be picked up. The fighters are piloted in some cases by pilots of the Fleet Air Arm, and in others by pilots of the Fighter Command of the Royal Air Force who have volunteered for this special duty. This new method of trade defence has already proved successful, both in averting attacks and in destroying German long-range aircraft. Lieut. Everett, who has been awarded the D.S.O. "for bravery, skill and tenacity in many hazardous operational flights in the protection of shipping," is one of the Fleet Air Arm pilots who are being catapulted in fighter aircraft from ships at sea. Recently he was catapulted in his fighter aircraft to deal with a Focke-Wulf Kondor which was approaching a convoy. He crashed the enemy bomber into the sea, but by the time the fight was over he was 45 miles away from his ship. He tried unsuccessfully to bale out and eventually "landed" in the sea. In a few seconds his fighter sank beneath him, but he was picked up safely. In peacetime he often rode in the Grand National, but he now realizes that as a water-jump Becher's Brook is not to be compared with the Atlantic.

CIVILIAN TECHNICAL CORPS

MEN of the new Civilian Technical Corps, many of whom come from the United States, are now settling down to work with the R.A.F. in England. This is a corps of specialists, every man of which is highly skilled in his particular trade. All members of the corps are recruited abroad, and they have come forward voluntarily to lend their technical knowledge to Britain. The status of the corps is purely civilian and its members are not required to undertake combatant duties. They receive civilian rates of pay, and agree to serve for three years or for the duration of the war, whichever is the less. On arrival in Britain the men who have joined the corps are given a blue-grey serge uniform of R.A.F. pattern, steel helmets and anti-gas equipment. They will wear on their arms the C.T.C. title-badge, and will have flat-topped field-service caps with C.T.C. in a metal wreath on the front.

WELFARE OF THE NAVY

THERE is at the Admiralty a department whose whole and fulltime business is to look after the welfare and recreation of the men. At each naval base in home waters is stationed an experienced man with the title of Amenities Officer. His job is to see that all the recreational facilities of his port are used to the utmost. This officer keeps in direct touch with the Admiralty. Under his charge come not only R.N. and Reserve men, but Allied seamen, and, by no means least, the Wrens. Most of the Navy men's time is spent actually at sea, and that is the time when they most appreciate such gifts as woollies, cigarettes and pipe tobacco, packs of cards, books and magazines both new and old which are sent to them by the people ashore. The distribution of these gifts is arranged by an Admiralty Committee, and the Amenities Officers arrange for them to reach the ships—everything from battleships with a crew larger than the population of a small village, down to drifters manned by half a dozen or even less. Two funds at the Admiralty administer the donations—the R.N. Amenities Fund and the Minesweepers and Coastal Craft Fund. Last year they spent between them £50,000; it went on wireless sets, footballs and goal-posts, canteens, hostels, concert halls and sports fields. The result is that this winter, at nearly all bases round our coasts, there is a comfortable canteen where men ashore can have a good meal in pleasant surroundings. There are rooms for reading and writing letters, billiard tables, table tennis, and the inevitable dart-board. Two of the largest bases have theatres with lighting and equipment up to West End standard. Others have cinemas, concert halls for ENSA and other entertainments, and football fields. Country mansions and large town houses have been taken over and turned into really comfortable Naval Hostels. Behind all this are many voluntary organizations, and there is not an officer, rating or boy in the Navy who is not truly grateful.

N.A.A.F.I. to R.A.F.; this present of the Spitfire "Counter-Attack" was bought with a subscription from the N.A.A.F.I. canteen workers. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

SEED ONIONS being planted in a special plot in Alexandra Gardens, Melbourne. The seed will eventually be sent to Britain to increase our onion crop. *Photo, Associated Press*

AMERICAN C.T.C.s—members of the Civilian Technical Corps, specialists who have volunteered for the United Kingdom to do repair and maintenance work on aircraft with the R.A.F. *Photo, Central Press*

LEGLESS PILOT'S LAST FIGHT

IT was originally believed that Wing-Cmdr. Douglas Bader, famous legless pilot of the R.A.F., with 22½ German planes to his credit (the half being shared with another pilot), had been shot down in the combat over France on August 9, from which he did not return. In a letter to his wife, however, Bader now reveals that he fell into the enemy's hands after colliding with an Me.109F. Giving his last order, "Come on, boys, there are plenty for all; pick one each," Bader led his formation in a 5,000-feet dive on some Me.s, and was last seen by his squadron pursuing an Me.109F. His letter tells how he sent the Me.109F down in flames and how, in pulling up from his dive attack, he collided with another Me.109F. The enemy machine crashed, and Bader baled out from his crippled fighter.

FRENCH SAVANTS ARRESTED

ON Oct. 19 the Vichy government confirmed the arrest in Paris by the German authorities of six members of the Académie des Sciences: MM. Borel, Langevin, Lapique, Mauguin, Villey, and Cotton. M. Borel is a mathematician of world repute and a former Minister of Marine. M. Langevin, a noted physicist, was, until relieved of his post by the Vichy government, Director of the Ecole de Physique et de Chimie and professor of Physics at the Collège de France. M. Lapique, physiologist, has done a considerable amount of anthropological research and latterly devoted himself to the study of the physiology of the nervous system. M. Mauguin was professor of mineralogy at the Sorbonne. M. Villey was a noted mathematician, professor at the Faculty of Sciences at Paris University. M. Cotton is a world-famous physicist, President of the Académie des Sciences and of the Fédération des Sociétés de Physique.

HOME-GROWN SUGAR

THE main reason which lay behind Lord Woolton's recent decision to increase Britain's sugar ration was that home-grown sugar-beet now provides the whole of the domestic sugar ration, thanks to the strides which have been made in recent years in developing the sugar-beet industry in this country. During the last war Britain was almost entirely dependent on imported sugar. At one time in 1917 stocks dwindled to about sufficient for four days' consumption, and the price rose to 1/2 a lb. But today, in spite of two years of war, sugar is still cheap. The Ministry of Agriculture has announced that the acreage of sugar-beet under cultivation, now standing at about 350,000 acres, will next year be increased to some 405,000 acres. The beet pulp, incidentally, has proved of great value as foodstuff for cattle. Photographs of reclaimed fenland now producing sugar-beet are reproduced in page 41.

Round Jibuti the K.A.R.s Have Drawn a Cordon

A total land, sea and air blockade of Jibuti, the seaport of French Somaliland, is now in operation. The King's African Rifles are on a twenty-four hours' watch along certain sectors of the land frontier. Left, the C.O. of the K.A.R. is interrogating a native blockade runner, with a laden camel, detained near Warre Kafule. Right, a K.A.R. observation post at Warre Kafule.

OFF ON PATROL, a truck-load of members of the King's African Rifles taking part in the blockade of Jibuti, which lies opposite Aden. It is the capital of French Somaliland and the terminus of the railway to Addis Ababa. In the centre photograph, Free French Senegalese soldiers, on the frontier, facing the French post at Loyada, are waving greetings and invitations to troops under Vichy control to desert.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Fateful Moves on the Russian Chessboard

The lull that followed the fall of Bryansk and Vyazma (see page 227) was short-lived. By Oct. 15 a great new offensive had been launched, one that was intended not only to smash Timoshenko's armies but to capture the Russian capital. Nor was this all. In the south, too, the Nazis pushed ever farther ahead.

FROM three sides, from north and west and south, the Nazi hordes thrust fiercely at Moscow. So gigantic was the operation, so many the directions in which von Bock's armies were heavily engaged, that it was no mere "pincers movement," but rather, as Mr. Garvin described it in the "Observer," an octopus movement, meaning the fastening round the whole body of its intended victim with one tentacle after another.

News of the fresh offensive was contained in a communiqué issued by Soviet G.H.Q. at midnight on October 15. During the preceding night, it was stated, the position in the central sector of the front had deteriorated. "The German Fascist armies hurled a large quantity of tanks and motorized infantry against our units, and in one sector broke through our defences." The Russian forces opposed to the enemy were stated to be resisting heroically and inflicting heavy losses on the foe, but they had been compelled to give ground. A few hours later Moscow broadcast the grave statement that the enemy was increasing his pressure and "is now nearing the approaches to Moscow."

At first it was not clear where the breakthrough had occurred, but ere long it was revealed that it was at Mojaisk, about halfway from Vyazma to Moscow on the great highway which leads from Smolensk, and about 60 miles from the Russian capital. Evidently the Germans had discovered a weak spot; they hastened to intensify their punch, packing it with all the weight that tanks, bombing planes and heavy artillery could give. But, as the metaphor of the octopus implies, Moscow was threatened not from one direction only but from many. In particular there might be distinguished thrusts from the direction of Kalinin, an important railway junction 100 miles to the north-west; from Bryansk, 200 miles to the south-west; and from Orel, 200 miles to the south. At the end of that same October 16 Moscow reported that the battle was growing fiercer and fiercer; the enemy still held the initiative, and operations in the Moscow sector were on a gigantic scale, not only because of the enormous quantity of men and machines taking part, but also on account of the depth of the operations. Anything in the nature of a "front" had dissolved in the fluidity of the battle; the Nazi panzers operated like knights on a chessboard, while the pawns of infantry toiled and fought the Russian pieces far behind.

As early as October 15 the Germans claimed that their troops had occupied Kalinin; General Hoth's panzers had crashed through Borodino and were battling in the district of Mojaisk, while Guderian's tanks had carried Misensk and were approaching Tula, 110 miles south of Moscow. Some of these claims, at least, were premature; two days later the Germans claimed afresh to have occupied Kalinin, and it is certain that fighting was going on in this vital sector a week later. But there was no denying the desperate gravity of the Russian situation. By October 19 Hitler's High Command felt it safe to claim that von Bock's field army, in cooperation with Kesselring's air fleet, had "annihilated the Soviet Army Group of Marshal Timoshenko, numbering eight armies, with 67 protecting divisions, six cavalry divisions, seven tank divisions, and six tank brigades."

'Annihilated' But Still Fighting

That was on October 19. Yet day after day Moscow continued to report fierce fighting at Mojaisk and Malo Yaroslavets, while guerilla detachments were waging continuous war in the Kalinin region. At Orel and Bryansk the Russians claimed—and claimed with truth—that they were counter-attacking fiercely and not without success. To account for this surprising conduct on the part of the "annihilated" enemy, officials in Berlin dilated on the extraordinary difficulties of the campaign. In particular the German soldiers were tired after so many forced marches, while as for the weather, what with sleet and snow, rain and mist, treacherous ice and seas of mud, it was foul beyond belief.

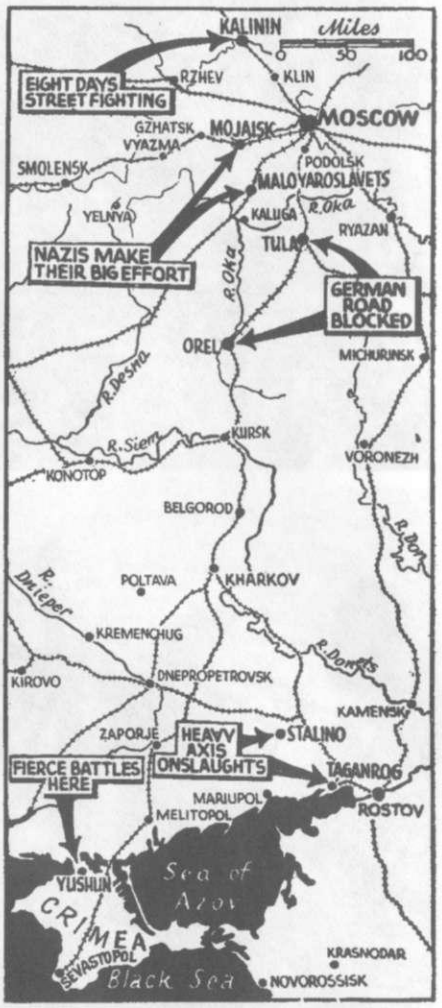
All the same, the Germans continued to make progress, and on October 23 Hitler's chiefs claimed that their troops had broken through the outer defences of Moscow, and that the spearhead was only 38 miles from the Russian capital.

In Moscow there was no attempt at hiding from the people the gravity of the situation. The Muscovites realized, as their comrades at Leningrad had realized weeks before, that soon they might have to fight for their native town and defend it, arms in hand, street by street, house by house. On October 19 Stalin issued a decree, proclaiming a state of siege in Moscow and the surrounding districts as from the following day. Although some of the Government departments, together with the foreign diplomats, military missions, and war correspondents, were evacuated to Kuibyshev (Samara), 540 miles to the south-east on the banks of the Volga, Moscow itself was placed in a state of defence. Everyone capable of handling a rifle was enlisted in workers' battalions, and thousands of people were engaged in digging trenches and raising ramparts.

While the tremendous battle for Moscow was raging, von Rundstedt resumed his offensive in the south. On October 20 a great host of German, Italian, Hungarian and Rumanian troops went into action in the Donetz basin, and within 24 hours they had fought their way into Taganrog, while Stalino, too, was taken by Alpine troops. The Russians fought desperately, demanding a great price for every yard of ground; but though they counter-attacked time and again, they were still forced to abandon further huge areas of the vital Donbass industrial region. By October 25 the Germans claimed to be fighting in the approaches of Rostov; and on the same day they claimed to have occupied Kharkov. Meanwhile, in the Crimea they had driven a deep wedge into the defences across the Perekop Isthmus, only to be flung out by Russian counter-attacks.

This, then, was the position as the fourth month of the Russian campaign drew to a close. On October 9 Dr. Dietrich, head of the German official News Agency in Berlin, had declared that Russia was virtually finished as a fighting power. It must have been, then, with a shadow of apprehension that the German people heard on October 23 that the Russian Command had been reorganized; henceforth, Zhukov was commander in the north and Timoshenko in the south, while—ominous news!—Voroshiloff and Budenny had been withdrawn to take command of great new armies which Stalin was calling into being, far behind the fighting zone.

KUIBYSHEV, on the Volga, 540 miles east of Moscow, to which part of the Central Administration of the Soviet Union has been withdrawn from the capital. Other branches may go to Kazan and Sverdlovsk. *Photo, Planet News*



EASTERN FRONT: the main military developments in the Russian campaign as October—the war's fourth month—drew to a close. *Courtesy of the "News Chronicle"*

Action! At Close Quarters in Russia

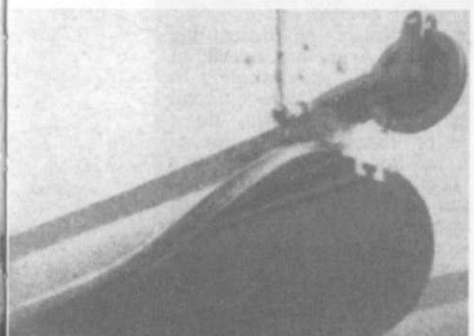
A well-aimed Russian shell has scored a direct hit on a span of a large bridge over a wide river, thereby delaying the German advance.

Nazi infantrymen advance with caution into the streets of a town lately evacuated by Russian troops. There may be many snipers among the ruins.

Crawling forward under heavy fire, Soviet troops advance under cover of a camouflaged machine-gun post (left). Centre, Soviet tank drivers, concealed in a wheatfield, check up on the topography of their sector. Right, Soviet infantry pursuing German troops during a counter-attack through a wooded stretch of country. The soldier on the left is hurling a hand grenade while the others charge with fixed bayonets. *Photos, British Official, Keystone*

Russia Under Arms: Some of the Photographs Stalin Presented to

RED ARMY orderly, Zalman Grinker, carrying a wounded Soviet soldier from the battlefield on his back. Orderly Grinker saved seventy-two wounded in the course of a few days.



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What Sort of Men Are the Japanese Militarists?

Japan has a new Cabinet, comprised largely of Generals and Admirals and pledged to maintain the policy of "Japan over Asia" which has been for so long an unsettling factor in Far Eastern politics. More than ever before the militarists are at the helm.

WHEN General Tojo became Prime Minister of Japan on October 18, he proceeded, in accordance with immemorial custom, to the Grand Shrine of Ise, to notify the Sun Goddess of his appointment. Shortly before he had offered prayers at the shrines of the Emperor Meiji (the Emperor who was "restored" in 1868, so opening the modern age in Japanese history) and of Admiral Togo (Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Navy which annihilated the Russian fleet at Tsushima in 1905), and at the Yasukuni Shrine—the shrine in Tokyo where the Japanese war dead are deified and worshipped as the nation's patron saints, or rather gods. (Between October 16 and 21 a further 15,000 soldiers and sailors, for the most part dead in the "Chinese incident," were solemnly deified, bringing the total so commemorated to nearly 225,000).

Not only every Japanese minister and high official has to report his appointment to the Sun Goddess, but the Emperor himself visits her shrine on great occasions—to keep her informed, as it were. Thus the present Emperor, Hirohito, visited the shrine after his father's death in 1926, before and after his trip to Europe, and after his marriage to pretty little Princess Nagako; he will go again if (as seems not unlikely) Japan should declare war. The Emperor—he is never called the Mikado by the Japanese: to them he is *Tenno* (Son of Heaven)—is, according to Japanese belief, physically descended from the Sun Goddess; the first Emperor was Jimmu, whose date in the Japanese history books is equivalent to 660 B.C. For more than 2,600 years, then, the same dynasty has ruled in Japan.

To the western world much of this is pure mythology, but it is very real to the Japanese. To them, however educated and modern in their outlook they may be, the Emperor is divine in some mystic fashion; by the vast majority he is regarded as not only divine, but as being a visible embodiment or incarnation of Godhead and at the same time of the Japanese race. Thus he is not merely

GEN. HIDEKI TOJO, who on October 18 succeeded Prince Konoye as Prime Minister of Japan. Nicknamed *Lamisori*, i.e. the razor, he is a keen, sharp-witted militarist.

Photo, Wide World

EMPEROR HIROHITO of Japan. Born in 1901, he succeeded his father as *Tenno* in 1926. Above we see him at a parade of the graduates of the Japanese Military Academy.

Photo, Wide World

head of the state as is our King; he *is* the state. So venerated is he that very few Japanese have ever seen him; when he approaches every eye is cast down, and when he goes in procession his loyal subjects dare not gaze at the "Son of Heaven" for fear of being stricken with blindness. No human being is permitted to look down upon him; hence no building round his castle in Tokyo is so high as to permit a view of the castle grounds, and when he passes through the streets all blinds in upper storeys must be drawn. When passing the gates of his palace every Japanese bows deferentially, even when seated in a tramcar.

Radicals in Uniform

There are many other features of the modern Japanese state which are utterly opposed to western ideas. A monarch who rules by divine right, or rather because he is divine, is supported by a military caste which occupies a position of peculiar influence in the Japanese political system. "To die for the sake of the Emperor is to live for ever" is a statement made in a pamphlet issued a few years ago by the Japanese Army. Yet, strangely enough, the Army is intensely democratic in that there is no officer class in Japan; the humblest recruit may rise to the highest rank. Only about one in ten of the Japanese officers are of noble or *samurai* origin; some are specially educated from the age of 14 in the military academies, but conscript privates may enter the officer training corps up to the age of 22. Before any officer is commissioned he has to spend eight months in the ranks. As a class, Japanese officers are exceedingly abstemious and modest in their ways of life; they have to be, since a full general receives little more than £350 per annum, and few there are who have private means.

Because the Japanese Army is drawn in the main from the peasantry and small-town folk—every year 150,000 young men of 20 are chosen by lot from those who pass the doctors as being absolutely fit—it is extremely radical in its ideas. Reading some of the pamphlets which have been issued by the press department of the Imperial War Ministry, one discovers a medley of ideas, some Socialist, some Fascist, most of them decidedly anti-Capitalist. Capitalism in Japan is a recent growth, and not by any means a popular one. There is no great middle class as in Britain or the U.S.A.; rather, industry is in the hands of great monopolistic families, of which the "big five" are the houses of Mitsubishi, Mitsui, Sumitomo, Yasuda, and Okura. For generations the first two have largely controlled Japanese politics through their respective parties, Minseito and Seiyukai; now, however, political parties have been abolished and Japan is a totalitarian state.

Will the People Crack?

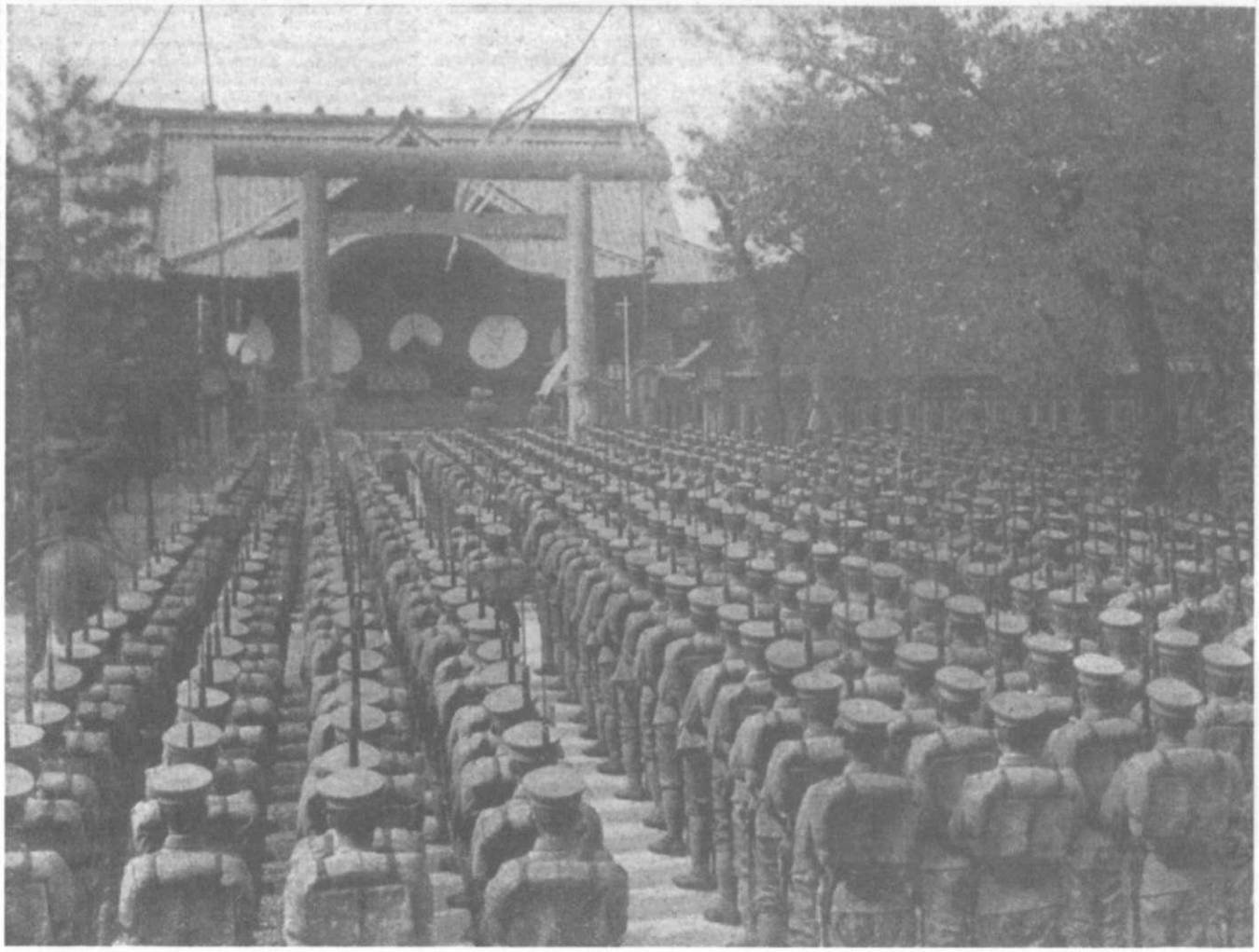
Not that that is anything new. For thirty centuries Japan has been governed in accordance with the principles of totalitarianism; even the revolution of 1868 was called a restoration. Conformity is ingrained in the Japanese temperament; loyalty to the Emperor is paramount. The Japanese display little or no critical spirit; they are not inclined to mistrust authority as are we English; autocratic forms of government are quite congenial to their spirit. There are amongst them men who may be called Liberals, Socialists, even Communists (though Communism is a crime in Japan), but these are a tiny and almost uninfluential minority. Parliamentary government, liberty of the press, free speech—these things count for little with the Japanese; seemingly they do not resent the many restrictions which have been imposed upon them, even before the Chinese war—the rationing of foodstuffs, spying, censorship, and police regulation of the details of everyday life. In the Japanese mentality, as in Japanese history, there is little to encourage those who would like to believe that under the strain of war Japan may collapse. As long as the people are fed—and, heaven knows, they need little more than a handful of rice per day per head—they may be expected to continue to fight, since it is the Emperor's will.

It is difficult to estimate the present-day worth of the Japanese Army or, indeed, of the Japanese armed forces as a whole. In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 Japan won a crushing victory over Russia, but it was the Russia of Tsar Nicholas, not of Stalin. Within the last two or three years the Japanese armies have twice suffered severe reverses at the hands of the Russians, although the world's press has passed these by with little comment and smaller understanding; one was at Changkufeng, south-east of Vladivostok, in August 1938, and the other in the summer of 1939 at Nomonhan, in the east of Outer Mongolia. At Nomonhan, indeed, there was a series of battles in which whole army corps were engaged on each side; the Japanese admitted 18,000 soldiers killed, and there was no hiding the fact that in a struggle for a few square miles of desert their troops had been defeated. Then in China the cream of the Japanese armies have been engaged for four years in an attempt to crush the forces of Chiang Kai-shek; so far, however, they have completely failed, although they have the enormous preponderance in military equipment and a practical monopoly of bombing planes. What would happen in the event of a first-class war it is difficult to say. It may be said, however, that the soldiers of Nippon would fight with fanatical courage just as they did at Mukden and Port Arthur 35 years ago.

Whither Japan in this Grim Hour of Destiny?

WAR AND PEACE are strangely symbolized in this photograph of a carrier-pigeon, belonging to the Japanese Carrier Pigeon Corps, perched on the soldier's rifle. Right, Japanese troops, clad in their winter uniforms, on parade at a Siberian frontier outpost; turning towards Tokyo, they are presenting arms in salute to the Emperor. Beneath, a grim irony is expressed once again in this mass of Oriental robots doing homage at the Yasukuni Shrine in honour of comrades who have been slaughtered in the interests of Japanese imperialism. Here they are dedicating themselves to any new adventure of the militarists.

Photos, Wide World, Associated Press



Our Diary of the War

SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1941 *777th day*

Russian Front.—Fierce battles around Kalinin and Mojaisk. Russian Fleet reported to have sunk German cruiser and two destroyers. A second cruiser badly damaged.

Mediterranean.—Enemy convoy attacked by R.A.F. Night raid on Naples.

Home.—Lord Croft announced British Army casualities to date as 100,000, including prisoners of war. Australian, 13,000; New Zealand, 6,000

SUNDAY, OCT. 19 *778th day*

Air.—Offensive sweeps by R.A.F. over Cherbourg peninsula.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed capture of Taganrog. Fierce fighting around Majaisk and Malo Yaroslavets.

Africa.—Heavy night raid on Tripoli. Enemy landing-grounds in Libya bombed.

Home.—Night raiders over E. Coast. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

General.—Afghanistan announced expulsion of Axis nationals.

MONDAY, OCT. 20 *779th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Ammunition train blown up, and transport column near Dieppe attacked. Coastal Command bombed objectives in N. Denmark. Night raids on Bremen, Wilhelmshaven and Emden.

Russian Front.—State of siege declared in Moscow. Certain government departments moved to Kuibyshev.

Africa.—Enemy positions near Azozo, Abyssinia, bombed.

Home.—Night raiders over N.W. England and N. Wales.

General.—Lt.-Col. Holtz, commander of Nantes Military Region, shot by French patriots.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21 *780th day*

Air.—Offensive sweep over N. France. 13 enemy aircraft destroyed. Night raids on Bremen and N.W. Germany. Aarhus, Brest and Lorient bombed.

Russian Front.—Position stationary on Moscow front while Germans prepare new offensive. German advance in Donetz Basin area.

RUSSIA'S WAY WITH 'STICK-IN-THE-MUDS'

DURING these days of hard fighting in the distant approaches to Moscow, people are being tested and tried in the heat of battle. Lieut.-Colonel Dorontsov, for example, took nearly 24 hours to make a journey of 18 miles. Finally his car got stuck a few miles from its destination. Instead of getting out and walking, he sat in the car for seven hours and reported to his chief that he had got stuck in the mud.

Actually, he was stuck in the mud in more ways than one. He was up to his neck in the muck of his own inactivity and complacency. Such types have nothing in common with true Soviet patriots.

"*Pravda*," *October* 24.

Mediterranean.—Heavy night raid on Naples.

Africa.—Midnight bombardment of enemy gun positions near Tobruk by British warships. Benghazi raided on night of Oct. 20-21, and in daylight on Oct. 21. Enemy positions near Azozo again bombed.

General.—50 hostages shot by Germans at Nantes as reprisal for the shooting of Col. Holtz.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22 *781st day*

Air.—Night attack on French coast from Dunkirk to Boulogne also on Mannheim and the Ruhr. Docks at Le Havre and Brest attacked.

Russian Front.—Russians admitted grave situation in Donetz Basin area. Fresh German attack on Crimea held.

Mediterranean.—Night raid on Naples. Admiralty announced submarine successes against enemy convoy. Two supply ships torpedoed.

Africa.—Night raid on docks and shipping at Benghazi. Landing ground at Gasr el Aryid bombed. Enemy positions in Gondar region bombed.

Home.—Enemy night raiders over N. Wales and Merseyside. Three enemy bombers destroyed.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23 *782nd day*

Air.—Enemy aerodromes attacked at Calais and Lannion. Night raids on N.W. Germany. Docks at Cherbourg, Brest and Le Havre attacked.

Russian Front.—Reorganisation of Red Army Command announced. Gen. Zhukov given command of the central sector of the front. Slight German advance in Crimea. German attacks repulsed at Mojaisk and Malo Yaroslavets.

Mediterranean.—Chemical works at Cotrone, S. Italy, bombed.

Africa.—Derna aerodrome bombed.

General.—A further 50 hostages reported executed by Nazis at Bordeaux following the shooting of another German officer.

FRIDAY, OCT. 24 *783rd day*

Air.—Offensive sweep over N. France. 7 German fighters destroyed. Night raids on W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed to be 20 miles from Rostov. No essential changes elsewhere.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced torpedoing of an Italian armed merchant cruiser. Night attack on Naples by R.A.F. bombers. Ragusa and Licata, in Sicily, also bombed.

Home.—Enemy night raiders over Merseyside.

SATURDAY, OCT. 25 *784th day*

Air.—Offensive sweeps over N. France and Dutch coast.

Russian Front.—Moscow denied German claim to have captured Kharkov. Heavy fighting at Kalinin and in the Crimea.

Africa.—Enemy transport at Zuara, Tripolitania, attacked by R.A.F. bombers.

Home.—Night raiders over N.W. England.

SUNDAY, OCT. 26 *785th day*

Air.—Enemy shipping bombed off Dutch coast. Offensive sweeps over Holland and N. France.

Russian Front.—Germans reported 10 miles from Rostov. Bitter street fighting in Kharkov. Russians admitted evacuation of Stalin, 100 miles N.W. of Rostov. Marshal Timoshenko arrived on southern front.

Home.—Night raiders over S. Wales and S.W. England.

HOLBORN VIADUCT, one of London's most famous thoroughfares, is now to be seen very much as it was when it was built between 1867 and 1869, since the demolitions and clearances made necessary by the German bombing of last spring have revealed the great arches on which it rests. Prominent in the photograph is the gutted City Temple, the "Cathedral of Nonconformity" as it has been called; next it is the shell of St. Andrew's, Holborn; while in the foreground is the debris of the buildings on the north side of the Viaduct, east of Hatton Garden.

Photo, Topical Press

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

Lloyd's War Medal

Acting Lt.-Col. G. C. T. Keyes, M.C., for gallantry in Syria. He is a son of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes.

Sgt. J. Horsman, M.M. He escaped from a German prison camp, was caught, and escaped again.

Sergt. H. G. Preece, D.C.M., for bravery and devotion to duty in the Norway operations.

Sepoy N. Singh, Indian D.S.M., for successful reconnaissance work in the region of Keren.

Albert Medal

Cadet D. Hay, Lloyd's War Medal, for rescuing a radio officer from shark-infested sea.

Lieut. G. D. Davies, D.S.C., for devoted work in guiding convoys through the Straits.

Third Officer S. Ross, M.B.E., for keeping small boat with 10 men afloat for 16 days.

Lieut. J. Miller, G.C., for devoted work in dealing with magnetic and acoustic mines.

Lieut. Nelson B. Smith, R.N., G.M., for courage and attention to duty on all occasions.

Able Seaman Miles, Albert Medal, for helping to save a shipmate caught in hawser.

Miss Helen Mason, G.M., for bravery and devotion to duty in Hammersmith blitz.

Actg. Sectn. Officer J. Woods, of Mowlsford, **M.B.E.,** for bravery and devotion to duty.

Mrs. Armitage, London Ambulance Service, **B.E.M.,** for great resource and courage.

Miss Betty Leverton, London Ambulance Service, also awarded the **B.E.M.,** for bravery.

Acting Flight Officer H. Murdock-Grant, M.B.E., for distinction in Signals and Code work.

Wren P. G. McGeorge, B.E.M., for getting dispatches through under a heavy blitz.

Firemaster A. S. Pratten, G.M., for great skill and gallantry during an air raid on Greenock.

Patrol Officer J. Vale, B.E.M., for outstanding courage in a heavy Plymouth blitz.

Sub-Officer W. Neill, G.M., of Greenock, for exceptional courage in fighting a fire.

Dep. Chief Officer R. J. Smith, Plymouth Fire Brigade, **M.B.E.,** for devotion to duty.

Fireman J. C. Cunningham, G.M., for rescuing a man who was trapped in burning building.

Mr. H. W. Mould, A.F.S., **G.M.,** for assisting Fireman Cunningham in the same brave deed.

Acting Sqdn.-Ldr. R. W. Bungey, D.F.C., for continuous gallant and efficient leadership.

Flying Officer E. A. Morrison, U.S. citizen, **D.F.C.,** for bombing the Gneisenau.

Acting Sqdn.-Ldr. J. Harrison-Broadley, D.F.C., for attack on an enemy convoy.

Pilot Officer D. U. Barnwell, D.F.C., for shooting down four Italian planes over Malta.

Flight Lieut. L. W. Coleman, D.F.C., for bombing Munich on night of Bier-Keller speech.

Pilot Officer A. C. Lewis, D.F.C., for destroying six Nazi planes on one day, and five on another.

Mr. V. H. Sellwood, Portsmouth A.F.S. Messenger, **B.E.M.,** for splendid work in a heavy raid.

Warden M. C. Starr, G.M., for climbing a wrecked building and rescuing three persons.

Mr. E. L. Playford, G.M., for rescuing a Post Warden from a bombed Bermondsey building.

Mr. John Bradley, G.M., for assisting Mr. Playford in this conspicuously gallant action.

Mr. A. A. Webster, G.M., for rescuing two children from demolished Manchester house.

Mr. H. Broadberry, B.E.M., for saving Polish airmen from crashed and burning plane.

They Direct the Fortunes of Free France

André DIETHELM, National Commissioner for Interior, Labour and Information. At one time principal secretary to M. Mandel.

Maurice DEJEAN, National Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, is a distinguished diplomat.

René PLEVIN, Nat. Commissioner for Economy, Finance, and Colonies, hitherto Director of External Relations of Free French movement.

Post Capt. Georges THIERRY D'ARGENLIEU, Nat. Comm. without portfolio, served for 10 years in the French Navy.

GENERAL DE GAULLE, Leader of the Free French and President of the Free French National Committee.

ON September 23, 1941, General de Gaulle announced the formation of a Free French National Committee, to act with him in the direction of the policy and administration of Free France. Another body set up at the same time was a National Advisory Council, drawn from French organizations all over the world, such as the Français de Grande Bretagne in this country.

Air Cdr. VALIN, Nat. Comm. for Air, in 1939 commanded a French Air Intelligence unit. He is a specialist in night flying.

Gen. LEGENTILHOMME, Nat. Commissioner for War, was former C.-in-C. of the French Forces in Somaliland.

Prof. René CASSIN, Nat. Commissioner for Justice and Education, was formerly Professor of Law at the University of Paris.

Vice-Admiral MUSELIER, Nat. Comm. for Navy and Mercantile Marine, took several French warships to Gibraltar on June 28, 1940.

Photos by courtesy of Free French Cinematograph Service, P.N.A., Universal, and Planet News

Pitiable Is the Plight of Pétain's Subjects

MARSHAL PÉTAIN (above) delivering to M. Péricard, Vice-President of the French Legion of Veterans from two World Wars, the flag of the Organization, on the first anniversary of its foundation. Circle, the unhappy Marshal holding a food conference with French butchers in the hope of finding some way of alleviating distress during the coming winter.

GEN. HUNTZIGER, Vichy War Minister (top photo, light uniform, in centre), addressing French prisoners of war on their arrival at Sathonay Station, near Lyons, after having been released by the Germans.

Photos, Associated Press

UNOCCUPIED FRANCE is being Nazified under cover of collaboration with the Germans. These "new order" uniforms now worn by the Vichy State police (above) are obviously inspired from Berlin. Left, the inevitable food queue, this time at Grenoble, where people wait their turn for meagre rations under a Vichy scheme for national aid. Thus France, once so rich in food and wine, has been reduced to semi-starvation and beggary by Hitler's insatiable greed.

Photos, Fox and Wide World

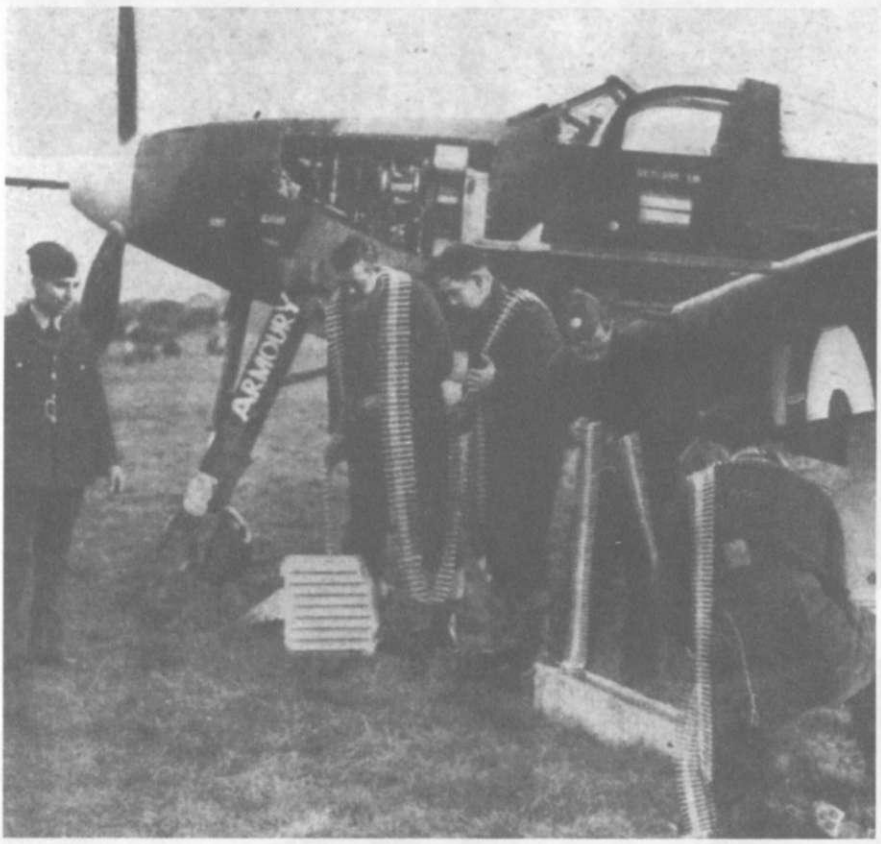
This is My Life as an Aircraftman

Much have we read and listened to concerning the splendid achievements of the flying crews of the R.A.F. Here for a change is an article describing the life of one of the ground staff. It is written by a Volunteer Reserve Aircraftman, and his experiences may be taken as typical of thousands of those men on whom the efficiency of the R.A.F. so largely depends.

IT was in November 1939 that I joined the R.A.F. In civil life I'd been a journalist, and, having a hankering after a little excitement and variety, I volunteered at my local recruiting depot as a pilot. But they didn't want pilots just then—they were swamped out with applications and they'd a six months' waiting list. So I volunteered and was accepted as wireless operator, aircrew. But it didn't materialize, for at the last minute the recruiting people persuaded me to enlist as a teleprinter operator.

After that I signed one or two official documents, passed my medical exam. quite satisfactorily, and a few days later I was off to one of the big R.A.F. receiving depots where recruits are clothed and kitted and sorted out generally. A week later, inoculated, completely uniformed, and plus a hefty kit-bag containing an amazing assortment of "necessary items," I found myself, with hundreds of others, at a recruits training depot. Here we went through an intensive course of foot and rifle drill which straightened our backs and taught us something of the discipline demanded in the services.

New Year saw me at my trade training centre, a vast encampment miles from anywhere, which, with 12,000 airmen to cater for, is absolutely self-contained. There's an excellent camp cinema, two or three very lively N.A.A.F.I. canteens, and extensive playing fields. We worked hard and played hard; and by now, hardened to the vigorous R.A.F. life, I really began to feel the benefit of that intensive preliminary training. Quite honestly, I don't think I'd ever felt fitter in my life; and after those early rigorous days I was beginning to appreciate small comforts that hitherto I had never even noticed. It was exactly like going to school all over again. Between classes held in centrally-heated wooden huts we marched in groups from one hut to another to the accompaniment of military marches relayed through loudspeakers. We lived first in huts and later in stone barrack blocks. The huts were remarkably snug, with a coal stove at each end of the room; but personally I preferred the old stone barrack blocks, which held as many as 60 men in each and which were centrally heated. By this time I had learnt how to utilize my five blankets and two sheets to the best advantage, and I became so used to sleeping on one of those iron bedsteads which we call "McDonalds" that I found an ordinary bed difficult to sleep on when I went home on leave.



Among the many varied trades that constitute the R.A.F. ground organization, that of armourer, as the author of the article in this page says, has a most important place. Aircraftmen are here seen armouring up a Bell Airacobra, details of which are shown in pages 164 and 267 of this volume. The guns in the wings and airscrew hub are clearly seen in this photograph. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Having completed our course satisfactorily, we were posted to stations in all parts of the country, and I was marked down for the headquarters of one of the Bomber Command groups. Here the whole concern is a hive of activity, and the signals section, of which teleprinting is an important part, works at high pressure 24 hours a day. The signals section of the R.A.F. is undoubtedly one of the most interesting—not to say one of the most important—in the service. Messages arrive from and are dispatched to the most remote parts of the country by wireless, telephone, and teleprinter. The teleprinter system, which is maintained by the G.P.O., affords the R.A.F. that essential secrecy which is called for by a continuous stream of vital communications which must be passed from centre to centre accurately and rapidly.

The average layman can have no idea of the innumerable varied trades that constitute the extensive R.A.F. ground organization. Just as Britain is often referred to as a nation of shopkeepers, so the R.A.F. might well be described as a service of tradesmen. Every non-flying airman adopts a particular trade on enlistment and he receives, as I did, a full training in his special branch at one of the instructional centres. He becomes, therefore, a specialist, and he is graded and paid according to his trade classification. Among the best-paid trades in the R.A.F., for which the highest quality of workmanship is demanded, are those of instrument maker and wireless operator mechanic. Particularly skilled fitters are also highly-paid tradesmen, as are metal workers and riggers. An aircraftman second class (Group 1) is paid 3s. 9d. a day, an aircraftman first class 4s. 6d., a leading aircraftman 5s. 6d. a day, a corporal 7s. 6d. a day, and so on. In addition, of course, every serviceman now gets an allowance of 6d. a day for cigarettes.

Another special group comprises such assorted trades as cook and butcher, coppersmith and motor-boat crew, and another group includes clerks, for a variety of duties, and equipment assistants. Yet another category consists of no fewer than nineteen different trades ranging from acetylene welder to photographer. A trade in this group which undoubtedly has an important place in bomber squadrons is that of armourer; armourers fit the bombs to our heavy aircraft. Wireless operators, who also come under this group, are the only air crew who are graded as tradesmen. There are, of course, many ground operators as well. In the same class as motor transport drivers, which covers both car and motor-cycle dispatch riders, are aircrafthands, who are engaged on a variety of general duties which range from ground defence to telephone operating. A separate category includes the various specialist assistants engaged in medical duties.

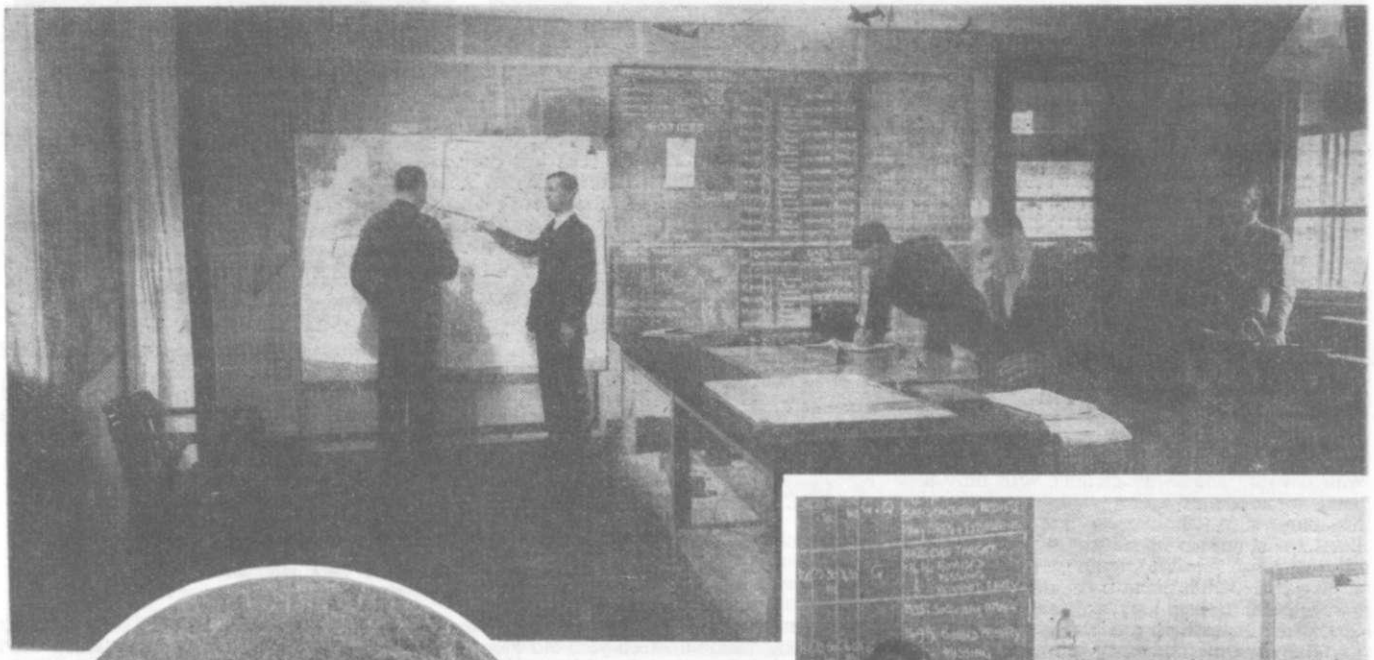
At the End of a Day's Work

With almost every trade represented in its ranks, not only is the whole of the R.A.F. practically self-supporting, but at the same time it keeps its personnel au fait with what are chiefly civil life occupations.

Naturally, camp life is on the whole a plain kind of existence, but there's more life and variety under the surface than might be imagined. Most of us sleep in stone barracks specially constructed as living quarters. Each room is fitted with a wireless, so that in the evenings, when our day's work is over, groups of airmen are always to be found taking their ease, listening to the wireless, reading, writing, playing cards, or just talking in what are both their living and sleeping quarters. Then there is always the N.A.A.F.I. restaurant, where there are special reading and writing rooms, in addition to the for ever busy canteen, where hot meals are in demand in the evening.

But although it can be very pleasant to spend one's evenings leisurely in camp, we all look forward to, and appreciate, a few precious hours away from the scene of our daily labours. It is refreshing indeed to renew contact with civil life—to see a film, visit a theatre, forgather at the local Toc H, or merely to stroll anywhere, drinking in the sight of civil life still in full swing.

Below Ground in the H.Q. of Bomber Command



In the Operations Room of the station (above) the operation ordered by Bomber Command Headquarters is worked out in detail. What is the best route to the target? How can it be identified? What of the weather? On the right, a corner of the Intelligence Room where reports, constantly arriving from Group Headquarters and stations, are pieced together.

The entrance to Bomber Command Headquarters is a single door only, and this and the stairway are guarded by sentries. Headquarters are protected by layers of concrete, and are illuminated by a soft artificial light from half-concealed reflectors. In the Operations Room the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, with his staff plans the night operations, and here all data referring to the air war are minutely studied and carefully kept up to date.

Right, one of the three large pivotal tables which stand near the desk of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Richard Peirse (seen right) in the Operations Room. The first is covered with maps, graphs and photographic records which offer a bird's-eye view of the whole field of battle. On the second there is a large map of Europe showing routes to the various objectives and other information. The third table displays facts about targets, the number of times they have been bombed, and a map of Berlin.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Stood Beside the Sentinels in the Khyber Pass

In a recent visit to the N.W. Frontier of India, Reuter's special correspondent, as he tells below, saw something of the modern defences of the Khyber Pass, which, following the formation of a front in the Middle East, is now more than ever important.

PASSING Jamrud Fort, standing like a sentinel at the base of the Khyber Pass, as it debouches into the rich fertile plains of the frontier province and the Punjab, I drove through a narrow defile between grim, barren cliffs which for centuries past have been the silent witnesses of savage fighting, noting the squat menacing pill-boxes at the top of almost every hill commanding the valley beneath.

At the Indo-Afghan border I halted, and from there slowly retraced my steps, while the enormous obstacles that face any would-be imitator of Alexander were pointed out to me. Apart from the physical advantages which would enable a defender with only a small force to hold up an enemy many times his number in the narrow portion of the Pass, I was shown ingenious defences based on the most modern methods which now stretch the whole length of the Khyber. While nothing can be revealed regarding their exact nature, it can certainly be said that they are of the most formidable character. So skilfully are they planned and camouflaged that any attempt to invade India by this historic route would be a most hazardous undertaking.

By a narrow road coiling like a snake round the sides of stark hills, with hair-raising drops of thousands of feet stretching beneath me, I reached a typical infantry post at the top of a commanding hill.

Here, in bleak, barren surroundings, India's soldiers keep watch day and night. Curving away in the distance are miles of carefully planned firing and communication trenches hewn out of the rocky hillsides, and designed for utmost mobility to meet attacks from every direction.

Since they first entered the Pass just over 100 years ago, the British have blasted a superb motor road out of the mountain side, enabling the passage of motor transport between Afghanistan and India. Moreover, a broad-gauge railway, which is a monument of engineering skill, runs as far as Landi Kotal.

Despite these developments, the great Pass is now a far tougher nut to crack than when Alexander sent a division through over 2,000 years ago during his invasion of India. And the Indian and British forces stationed there—still constantly improving the fortifications—are quietly confident of holding against all-comers this historic gateway to India's fertile plains and the vital industries which are now playing so large a part in the Empire war effort.

The compass, wristlet watch, alarm clock, torch and Bible which helped the five French boys in their canoe escape from France. Their adventure is told in this page.
Copyright, Free French Forces

We Paddled Our Canoes Across the Channel.

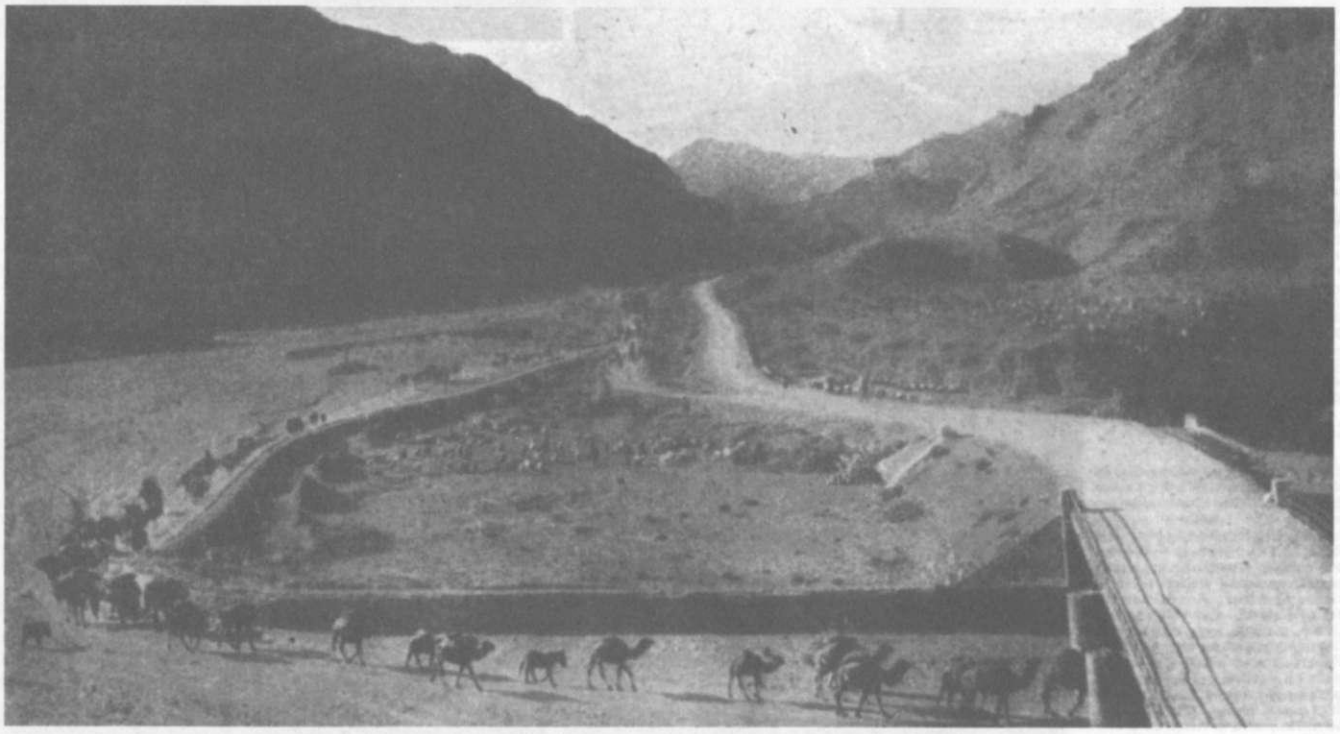
After thirty hours in the Channel in two canoes, five French boys between the ages of 16 and 19 reached the English coast on September 17. The boys' own story of their plucky venture is here told exclusively to "The War Illustrated."

CANOEING has always been my favourite hobby (said nineteen-year-old Pierre, who led the party), but I have always found time to have pets, too. Dogs, rabbits and cats are my favourites, and I hate to think of the pets that have had to be eaten in France because of the shortage of food.

My younger brother Jean is an ardent canoeist, too, having started to paddle his own canoe when only six years old. Renaud is a schoolfriend of ours who also owned a canoe, which got damaged, and it was while we were all three repairing it that we started to talk about the possibilities of escape from France. I asked two other fellow students to join us; they are Christian and his brother Guy.

For weeks we talked about the project, leaving nothing to chance. We planned what stores to take—bread, army biscuits and water. We knew that bread tickets would have to be stolen, so Jean hung about a bakery, and dived under the counter and stole some when the assistant was busy. Our navigational instruments were of the simplest: a compass in each canoe; an alarm clock—this was Jean's idea—a large Bible, a gun and some rounds of ammunition.

We set off on a suitably dark night after leaving notes for our parents and dodging the German guards. For a few kilometres we were certain that we could not get away undetected because, although the night was dark, the sea was so phosphorescent that shafts of light came from our paddles each time we lifted them out of the water. We



THE KHYBER PASS, North-West Frontier "gateway" to India, may yet become a storm centre, should Hitler, like Alexander, sigh for new worlds to conquer. But the mechanized Nazi savages will find this portal to the riches of Ind heavily barred and locked with every defensive device against their lust for loot. This striking photograph shows the stern topographical realities of the frontier. These, as the writer in this page tells us, are bristling with the most modern methods for repelling an invader.
Photo, Fox

I WAS THERE!

paddled most of the night; when the wind was favourable we hoisted sail; as the sea got choppy we shipped a lot of water and had to bale constantly. Of course, it was not long before we were all soaking wet. Because we were afraid of becoming separated I went from my own canoe into Renaud's. He had been all alone and was very tired; soon after that I tied the two canoes together.

When dawn broke we found we had come a fair way, but were still within sight of the French coast. I became very sick and had to lie down. All day long we battled with the wind, waves, tides and currents and we were all tired, cold, wet, hungry and apprehensive when night again began to fall. But we never swerved from our determination to get to England. Shortly after dawn, about thirty hours after we had left our own coast, we were off Dungeness. I knew then that a difficult part of our trip would be the landing. Heavy breakers were rolling up the beach and, worse still, rocks were visible, even in the poor light, but what I wanted to know more than anything else was whether the shore was mined or not.

Renaud and I were lucky. We brought the two canoes safely in. We were so stiff from having been cramped up for so many hours that we all fell as we got out; our legs just wouldn't hold us up.

Everyone was very kind to us, and it was grand to be given a hot bath, fresh clothes and a meal. We were all most surprised to get a whole cake of soap each! We couldn't get over the quality of the woollen clothing we were given, and none of us had seen real leather-soled shoes for months—let alone had any to wear.

We enjoyed being in London for a few days, and we saw Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and General de Gaulle. It was exciting going to No. 10 Downing Street and being received in the Cabinet room. I was not nervous with Mr. Churchill, but I must confess that I was a little frightened at the thought of meeting the General.

As soon as we have had a good rest in the country I am starting my army training. The others are too young, and must continue their studies for a time. They are going to the college at Malvern, where there are about fifty other French boys completing their studies before joining the Free French Forces.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill entertaining in the garden of 10 Downing Street the French boys who escaped from France in a canoe. The toast is to Free France. *Photo, Associated Press*

Outnumbered, We Captured a Nazi Tank

Typical of small-scale encounters between British and German troops in Libya was the following incident, in which a captain and 44 men of a famous rifle regiment were engaged.

TELLING of his successful running fight with German armoured vehicles, Captain J. A Hunter said:

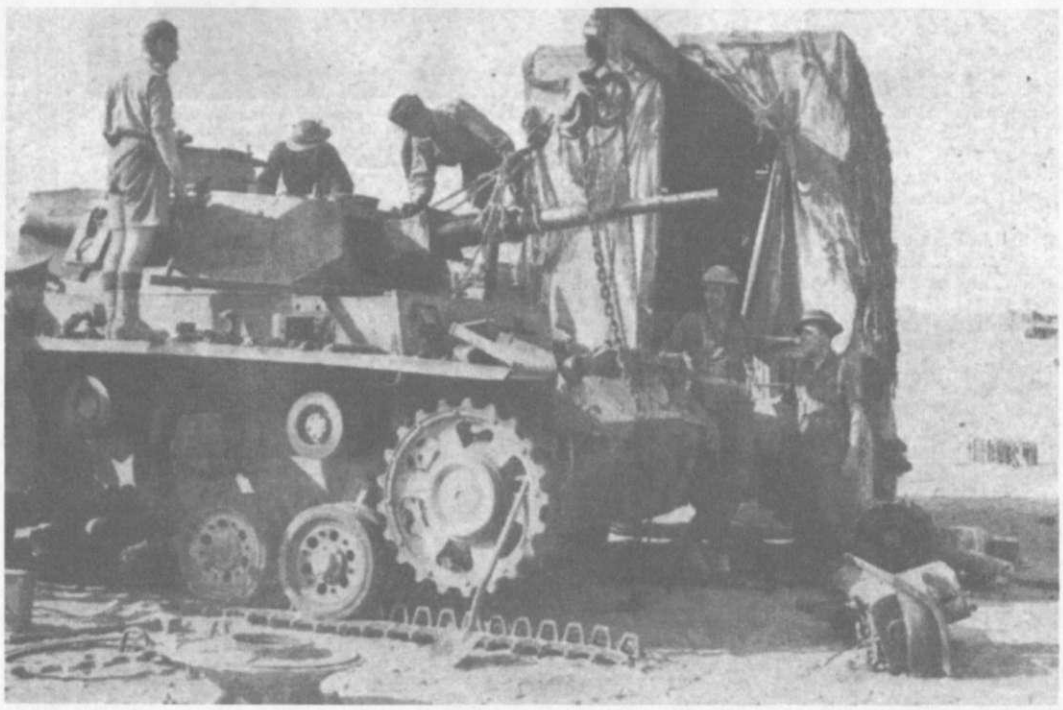
My platoon with two anti-tank guns was in a listening post on the centre of a track running southward from Fort Capuzzo, west of the escarpment, on the night of September 13. We heard some enemy transport on the move so I sent out a patrol who reported heavy movements. But it was not until dawn that we actually saw it was Nazi tanks to the right and rear of us, rumbling along, making a tremendous racket. Following them were Nazis in lorries.

We fired on them, causing them to halt, but as they greatly outnumbered us, we withdrew and lay in wait for them in a position five miles back.

When they approached again we fired at a thousand yards range, taking them by surprise and setting several of their vehicles on fire. They lost no time in unloading small field guns from the trucks and opening fire on us. They also shelled us from the armoured cars. One of my men was wounded and died later. The back of my car was also damaged, but it was still workable. The firing of the Nazis was notably inaccurate, but we got on the move.

After covering seven miles to the east we suddenly came across two German tanks which were cutting us off. One made off as we fired at it, but the other stuck with damaged treads. We shot it full of holes; then with tommy guns we chased the crew of five until they called "Kamerad." They all appeared to be under 20. They were not at all truculent, and were very glad to be captured without being ill-treated.

Another Nazi tank appeared while we were bundling the prisoners into our vehicles and we fired, definitely hitting it. Quite a number of the enemy were to the south and east of us, so we bustled off with our captives. Next day we returned and salvaged the damaged German tank.—*Reuter.*



GERMAN TANK, captured in the Western Desert, being dismantled by British engineers at a mobile workshop near the front. Encounters between British and Nazi troops are continually taking place in the areas of Tobruk and Sollum, and in this page is a description of an engagement in which a German tank and its crew fell into the "bag."

Photo, International Graphic Press

Editor's Postscript

ONE of the chief mentors of my youth was Principal Dyer, who so long ago as 1873 founded the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokyo and thus helped distantly to bring about that westernizing of the Japanese which, after the expansion of Teutonic barbarism, has done so much to land the world in its present mess. Dyer was one of Glasgow's great men, and it was fortunate for me that in my teens, when he had returned to his native city after ten years of intensive work for the emerging aggressors of the Far East, he could spare so many teatime hours in his study at Dowanhill to engage an ignorant but inquiring youngster in profitable talk. How it all began I cannot remember, but fifty years later it makes me happy to recall those sittings at his feet and a touch of pride that so fine a man could have thought so young and raw a journalist worthy of his friendship.

WHAT has sent my mind coursing back across these years today? An odd thing enough. For weeks past I have been striving to bring order to the chaos which had come upon my library consequent upon an unwished-for change of home dictated by, perhaps, a too-ready assent to an official hint to withdraw somewhat from a front-line position in the Battle of Britain. Trammelled with thousands of books for which new accommodation had somehow to be found, I have had at least the comfort in the dread process of rearranging them to discover forgotten souvenirs of a past that sometimes looks as remote as the fall of Rome, and anon as recent as yesterday.

I DID not know until today that among my many forgotten books there was "Japan in World Politics," written by Dyer in 1909, and in turning over Dyer's unremembered pages the job of arranging my bookshelves at once gave place to checking the changes of thirty years with his somewhat austere presentation of a subject on which no man at that time had a better right to be heard. I find him stating in this book of his such incontestable truths as "the ultimate solution of international politics will be reached only when an adequate idea has been formed of the meaning and object of life, both personal and national," and "no one can undertake a more important work than that of doing something, however little, to promote the fraternity of nations and the abolition or diminution of standing armies by the education of public opinion in the direction of peace." Good. But we in Britain, under the lead of such statesmen as Sir Austen Chamberlain, Viscount Cecil, Ramsay MacDonald, Earl Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain and many others, did more than a little in that direction, while an unregenerate Germany, a misled Italy, and an aggressive Japan were devoting every thought and action in the opposite direction. And in 1939 we suffered for having done that little. Give a boy a drum and tell him not to make a noise with it! All unconsciously the idealist in Dyer was cancelled out by his making these rather horrid Japanese machine-minded. Note here the irony of the events: years before Dyer wrote his book the late Kaiser had a cartoon drawn and widely circulated to warn us of the Yellow Peril—China's millions egged on by Japan's westernized Samurai on the way to world domination—while this Yellow Peril, so far as its Japanese component is concerned, has hitched its *panzerkraftwagen* to Hitler's star! Yes, and China's millions have become one of the hopes of Western Democracy! A comic world, forsooth!

DYER in 1909 was quite rightly concerned about Germany's "aggressive commercialism" as a menace to world peace, nor was he blind to Britain's rival commercialism. Then speaks the idealist: "A new way of life both individual and national," and "a combination of the ideals of the East and the West, by which the means of life and all that concerns them are subordinated to the ends of life"—that comprised his only solution. How ardently every sane man would like to think that possible! But we all know in our hearts that ideals are unattainable—yet not the less to be pursued. Worth recording here that Dyer told me the policy of the Japs in his day was to employ the best European minds to teach them the tenets of Western civilization and immediately they had got all they could out of their preceptors to send them packing with good pensions and let little nippy Nipponese carry on in their places. Clever little rascals these Japs!

Writing so soon after the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War, which revealed the inherent rottenness of Tsarism, just as June 1940 disclosed the inherent, deep-seated putrescence of France's Third Republic, my mentor of these old years foresaw a Russian war of revenge . . . He did not guess that the Russia of the Tsars was already finished as a great power, and that a totally inconceivable new Russia of the Soviets would thirty years later have to face the unimagined Germany of the Nazis and the Yellow Peril of Japan in a day of war which would have been no more than a madman's dream to Dyer, but is now a living reality of horror, largely through the triumphs of engineering—to which he had devoted his life!

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN who so brilliantly carries on his family's service to the British Navy has been promoted from command of the "Illustrious" to a new command of major importance which carries the rank of Commodore 1st Class.
Photo, Cannons

THE newest volume in my reassembled library is William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary," which has been the smash hit (Hollywoodese) in America, and over here ought to number its readers by the hundred thousand. No foreign correspondent ever had a more engrossing story to tell, none has ever told his story better. It begins back in 1934 when he and his wife said good-bye to the little Spanish village where they had spent a "sabbatical-year," much needed after the preceding six of journalistic adventure far from his American homeland.

ONE can well imagine his feelings on that night of December 13, 1940, when he sailed away from Lisbon. "A full moon was out over the Tagus, and all the million lights of Lisbon . . . sparkled brightly as the ship slid down to sea. For how long? Beyond Lisbon over almost all of Europe the lights were out. This little fringe on the south-west corner of the Continent kept them burning. Civilization, such as it was, had not yet been stamped out here by a Nazi boot. But next week? Next month? The month after? Would not Hitler's hordes take this too and extinguish the last lights?" To read Shirer's description of many Belgian and French towns, and especially of Paris, all with live personal memories for me, as seen by him when no British eye could observe them, is profoundly moving.

One passage of Mr. Shirer's book, where every page can yield several worthy of remembrance, I must give on account of its timeliness. It was written in Berlin ten months back. "Hitler's Germany can never dominate the Continent of Europe as long as Britain holds out, neither can it master the world as long as the United States stands unafraid in its path. It is a long-term fundamental conflict of dynamic forces. The clash is as inevitable as that of two planets hurtling inexorably through the heavens towards each other. As a matter of fact, it may come sooner than almost all Americans at home imagine. An officer of the High Command somewhat shocked me the other day while we were discussing the matter. He said: 'You think Roosevelt can pick the moment most advantageous to America and Britain for coming into the War. Did you ever stop to think that Hitler, a master of timing, may choose the moment for war with America—a moment which he thinks will give him the advantage?' I must admit I never did." Yet on October 27th, 1941, we find the U.S.A. Secretary of State saying: "The probability is that we shall not be at war until Hitler decrees that we shall." "So what?" as they say over there.

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